Richmond Times-Dispatch

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WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1914.

THE TIMES-DISPATCH and Breakfast are served together with unfailing regularity in the Best Homes of Richmond. Is your morning program complete?

Help Belgium!

THIS is Belgian Badge Day.

Generous Richmond will have opportunity, as it goes about its accustomed business, to answer the most piteous cry of human suffering that this generation has heard. It is a cry that cannot fail of response—that must not fail—despite the fact that we face here at home a winter of want and need among the host of the city's unemployed. Richmond will take care of its own, but it will help Belgium as well.

That war-stricken land is prostrate, impotent to relieve its own necessities. Misery is so universal that assistance cannot be too great. President Alderman said on Monday, in his address to students of the University of Virginia, that Belgium "preferred ruin to a shameless bargain." It is for this country, alone in its neutrality among all the world's great nations, to show that it retains its appreciation of such dauntless courage and unflinching sacrifice.

Promised Boom in Stop Watches

IT IS painful to appear hypercritical of the City Council's commendable efforts to do away with the obstruction of traffic caused by the parking of motor cars on Main Street, but if the ordinance is passed in the form in which it was approved by the committee, the ways of Richmond's police force will be cast thereafter in very unpleasant places.

The amended ordinance makes it unlawful to keep a car standing at the curb longer than half an hour. Obviously, cars may stand for that period, and, unless human nature has undergone a wonderful transformation in the last day or two, few automobile owners will fail to take advantage of these thirty minutes of grace.

It will be the function of the police to decide, in the first instance, when the time has fled. To enforce the ordinance will involve considerable additions to the police roster and the laying-in for departmental use of so generous a supply of stop watches that the jeweler who gets the contract ought to be happy and prosperous for the rest of his life.

No Hurry About the Franchise

THERE is wisdom, and propriety as well, in the action of the Council Committee on Streets in deferring until next year its proposed public meetings to consider the Virginia Railway and Power Company's application for a new thirty-year franchise.

There is nothing critical, financially or otherwise, in the company's present condition that would justify it in urging on the city government a hasty answer to its franchise plea, and even if there were, the matter is of too great consequence to the whole people of Richmond to be decided in any such fashion.

The application in all of its terms and bearings should be the subject of the most searching investigation. Council has asked the assistance of every citizens' organization in making just such an investigation—in clearing up uncertainty, in defining, plainly and exactly, what the company asks, what it offers and what the city should receive.

The sale of traction rights over Richmond's principal thoroughfares is a business transaction of the largest importance. Far better to spend a few months in considering the terms and closing the deal than thirty years in regretting its unwise consummation.

"Serving a Military Purpose"

WAR is madness, and, therefore, one should not, perhaps, be at all surprised when the reasoning of one of the combatants defies the comprehension of noncombatant minds. Addressing the House of Commons, Premier Asquith deplored the laying of mines by the Germans, because the destruction of merchant vessels serves no military purpose. It is true that the British statesman lays particular emphasis on the destruction of neutral shipping, but what he has chiefly in mind must be the sinking of British merchantmen.

And yet the British press and public have been both loud and generous in their praise of the Emden, although that departed German warship won her fame as a destroyer of merchant ships. It is not alleged that the destruction of these ships served no military end; it was right and proper and praiseworthy for the Emden's captain to send every British cargo or passenger boat he could find to the bottom of the sea.

That and nothing more is the purpose of German marine mine-laying. The mine cannot be supposed to differentiate between neutral and enemy. It is no respecter of nationalities. Its function is to destroy, and that function it performs when and where it can. It is clear that in war the first and most important purpose of all men and things is to serve the sacred military purpose of inflicting damage on the enemy—slaughter his men and destroy his property. The explosive mine at sea does just that thing, quite as the gallant Emden did with respect to merchant ships.

Mr. Asquith should not try to make flesh of one and fish of the other. They are blood brothers. If the floating and other mines depart from the Emden's practice and destroy other than hostile ships, that fact is merely a part of this greater truth—that throughout the world thousands of neutral human beings are suffering great hardship and much neutral property has, in effect, been practically destroyed as a by-product of the war.

It may seem like the devil's logic to plead the cause of explosive mines strewn across the path of commerce. But that is just the logic which underlies "serving a military purpose."

Cash Value of Public Health

THAT the Common Council will accept and approve the action of the Committee on Finance providing emergency appropriations of $4,780 for the relief of Pine Camp, is taken as assured. The situation has been stated so plainly, the need is so real and so exigent, that the passage of the appropriating measures is awaited with confidence.

There is equal confidence that the Board of Aldermen and Mayor Ainslie will adopt the same view of the matter, and that Pine Camp will be taken care of for the remainder of the city's fiscal year.

It ought not to be too much to hope that in that interim the stand Richmond should take in the fight against tuberculosis will receive the earnest consideration of every responsible member of the city government. Pine Camp is just a beginning. It makes no provision for the reception and care of negro indigents suffering from tuberculosis, who often are a greater menace to the general health of the city than are similar sufferers among the white race.

No expenditure a city can make offers more solid, substantial return, reducible in many cases to actual dollars and cents, than the expenditures for public health. A wisely directed, adequately manned and generously supported Health Department is not only of the largest possible public utility, increasing the average efficiency and the average earning power in great measure, but it is also one of the best of all municipal advertisements. A low death rate, relative freedom from epidemics or proved capacity to deal with them, reduction to a figure compatible with municipal self-respect of the mortality from such filth diseases as typhoid fever, all are attractive to prospective investors and prospective citizens alike.

Clean streets, as a matter of course, are a part of the health code. Dust and filth, swept through open windows into homes, filling the noses and lungs of those who walk abroad, are a menace as well as a nuisance. Active warfare against disease, modern sanitary regulations, improvement in housing conditions are necessary elements in a modern city's progress. Not only do they prevent suffering and promote happiness, but they have an actual, visible financial value. They pay a cash profit on the investment.

Reducing Unemployment in Richmond

WITH the unemployed of Richmond estimated at from 10,000 to 12,000, and the coldest of the winter months drawing near, there is sound economics, as well as the most helpful form of benevolence, in the plan to appropriate $125,000 of city funds for the relief of this situation.

The thought is, beginning on January 1, to employ 700 laborers on improvements, but perhaps it would not be unwise to raise this number to 1,000. If $100,000 of the proposed appropriation is to be paid to labor and $25,000 used in the purchase of necessary tools, equipment and material, 1,000 men could be worked five days a week, at $2 a day, for ten weeks. This would provide $10 weekly for that many families until the middle of March, by which time it may be assumed that business will have revived and the worst of existing evils will have passed away.

Of course, the men who are to have opportunity to relieve their own necessities by their own toil should be wisely selected. They should be capable, in the first place, of doing a day's manual labor; for if they are not, it were vastly better to help them in some other way. First opportunity should be allowed married men and heads of families dependent on their earning power, for their need, obviously, is greatest. There should be no employment of the professional loafer, or of any one who does not remember and heed the exhortation that "In the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat bread."

So premised, the plan is excellent. In the annexed territory and within the old city limits there is work that ought to be done, and that may as well be done now as later. By helping the unemployed and relieving suffering, the city really will be helping itself.

The Unequal Combat

PHYSICAL man can stand much more than the mind of man. In the trenches, under fire, war is not so terrible as in the psychic house of him who directly or indirectly may be connected with its causes. How many men have gone crazy under the strain, nobody knows. We hear only of the conspicuous cases. Such, for instance, as that of Prince Ernst August, Duke of Cumberland, and father of the Duke of Brunswick, son-in-law of the Kaiser. Disappearing from his regiment, the prince has been found in the woods raving, reason unseated by the horrors of war.

There will be universal sympathy, of course; common humanity insures that much.

But, prince and friends of the prince—most excellent rulers of men, Kaiser, Czar, Kings and President—how about the mother and the wife, the fleeing babes, the homeless wanderers driven north before the invasion of armed troops? How about their psychic houses? How about the temples of their souls? It is an unequal combat, this assault of horror upon the mind, but how much more unequal, how hopelessly overwhelming is the assault of nations upon homes?

Formerly when a man died leaving a large estate his heirs assumed a decent air of grief. Now they get ready to fight the State inheritance tax.

An English peer left the battle front to visit his tailor in London. Now make jokes about what women would do if they were soldiers.

Germany is building a Zeppelin every three weeks. And England, according to report, is having three fits every night.

We didn't want a slice of that Turkey, anyhow.

SONGS AND SAWS

Remember!

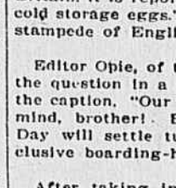
I've a message of good will,
Reader dear;
Just a word or two to spill
In your ear.
When you dine Thanksgiving Day
Don't forget, I beg and pray,
That a morning cold and gray
Will appear.

Of the turkey eat your meed—
It comes high—
And for two years more you need
Not be dry;
On the salad and entree
Give your appetite full play,
But be warned and keep away
From mince pie!

Chance for the Jingoes.

"I am pleased by at least one recent development," said the Prominent Citizen. "Now that United States troops have withdrawn from Mexico there is nothing to prevent our jingoes and fire-eaters from going down there and settling matters to their own satisfaction. And they ought to find the Mexican atmosphere highly congenial."

Progress of Culture.



War Correspondent—How does the battle seem to be going?

Officer—I can't make out exactly, but from this distance it appears that the artillery and fire brigades of our friend, the enemy, will soon have added a few cathedrals, town halls and art galleries to their collection.

Real Neutrality.

He—Have you decided which college colors you will wear at the Thanksgiving game?

She—Not definitely, but I have been trying to arrange a pleasing combination of both sets.

Patriotism.

Grubbs—What does Congressman Porkbarrel mean by his statement that he will stick to the country through thick and thin?

Stubbs—He means that no matter how thick the nation's bank roll may be at the start, it is bound to be a whole lot thinner when he gets through sticking it.

Need for Revision.

War is a game, some experts say,
That nations play outside the law,
And happenings we view to-day
Do prove the rules are somewhat raw.

THE TATTLER.

Chats With Virginia Editors

The Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch expresses this apprehension: "It looks as if Colonel Roosevelt might have struck a sunken mine." The fear is obviously founded upon the belief that Teethodore, the bellwether of the Bull-Con herd, took to the River of Doubt and submerged himself below the conning tower line when the returns were coming in.

The Norfolk Virginian-Pilot observes: "Great Britain, it is reported, has offered to buy all our cold storage eggs." Indications point to another stampede of English actors to America.

Editor Opie, of the Staunton Leader, discusses the question in a column-length editorial under the caption, "Our Trouble With Turkey." Never mind, brother! Breakfast after Thanksgiving Day will settle turkey's hash in our most exclusive boarding-houses.

After taking inventory of the gubernatorial timber in sight, mentioning by name Richard Evelyn Byrd, J. Taylor Ellyson and John Garland Pollard, Editor Bill Eads, of the Wise County News announces himself a neutral. The sage, philosopher and poet of Southwest Virginia likewise desires it explicitly understood that he is "feminst" Mr. Pollard, whom he supported for Attorney-General.

Under the caption, "We Are Learning," Editor Walter Harris says, in his Petersburg Index-Appeal: "The public has learned since the beginning of the war in Europe more about geography than it knew before and more about pronunciation. Not only has it had to become more or less familiar with the geographical location of the places in the theatres of war, but proper pronunciation of the names on the map has been picked up." It is pretty expensive education, however, and the money would be better spent teaching the people the maxixe, the bunny-hug, the hesitation waltz and other things more conducive to the moral and physical betterment of the world.

Possibly the editor of the Fredericksburg Journal seeks to place that man's town in nomination for the distinction of being the Belgium of Virginia. He says: "Fredericksburg has but three streets leading to that section below the railroad. We should be grateful to the powers that be that we have even three streets left. All but one have been taken. We should be thankful for what we have." In any event, they can't take the Thanksgiving sentiment away from the old Burg.

Current Editorial Comment

Coastwise Shipping and Canal

Nearly three-quarters of a million dollars were collected in tolls from vessels using the Panama Canal between the first of August and the first of November. This is not a large dividend upon the country's investment, but it is encouraging when we consider that it has been taken in during the trying-out stage of the waterway which has not yet had its formal opening. The interesting feature of these receipts is that, for the most part, they represent payments by coastwise shipping. Without them the tolls collected would have been practically negligible. As it has been during these three months, so will it largely be in the years to come. Coastwise vessels have paid the demands upon them, and it has been no hardship for them to do so. In fact, they find conditions more favorable than they have ever been before. Already, from an economic point of view, the repeal of the tolls exemption clause has been abundantly justified, while our honor as a nation has been re-established at a time when it is of the utmost importance that no suspicion should rest upon it.—Boston Transcript.

Seattle's Progress as a Port

There are at the present time fifty deep-water ships in the harbor of Seattle loading or to load here for foreign ports or for the Atlantic seaports of the United States, making the voyage through the Panama Canal. It is the greatest deep-water tonnage which there has ever been in this port at any one time. And Seattle has for many years occupied an important position among the great ports of the world. It is a fact, scarcely known or realized elsewhere than in this city and not fully among our own people, that the port of Puget Sound has been for some years the second American port in the volume of its tonnage employed in its foreign trade. It is also and it long has held the position of the first American seaport in the proportionate share of its tonnage which is under the American flag. There have been years in which the American tonnage employed in its foreign trade was in actual volume in excess of that from any other single American ocean port. At present it stands second only to New York in that respect. During the year 1913 there cleared from this port in the foreign trade 2,058,504 tons, as compared with 14,370,619 from New York and 2,766,775 from New Orleans, which stands third in the list of American ports. Our shipping is nearly twice as great in tonnage as that of either Boston or Baltimore and exceeds that of Philadelphia by nearly 1,000,000 tons. These were the figures for 1913. The expansion of our overseas trade promises to break all records this year, and the presence of the big fleet in the port of Seattle at the present time is an indication of the growth of our trade. Germany and Austria are about the only large countries of the world with which we have not a direct trade now, and the war alone is responsible for the cutting off of the lines to Germany.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

War News Fifty Years Ago

(From the Richmond Dispatch, Nov. 25, 1864.

All is quiet on both sides of the James. Deserters state that General Grant's soldiers dread another battle, and are also very loath to remain as they are all winter. Owing to the numbers lost in battle and by desertion, they say that reinforcements are necessary to keep up the strength of the army as well as to render any offensive movements impracticable.

Just before going to press we learned that the War Department had received information from Georgia of an eminently encouraging character. We refrain from making a more definite statement of the news as it has reached us, but we are warranted in assuring our readers that the official advices from Georgia are as favorable as we could expect.

In the New York market, as late as November 22, gold was less excited, and after opening up at 219, closed at 222. Government securities were firm.

The icehouse and stable of "Hagan's John," on the north extremity of Seventeenth Street, were fired by an incendiary Wednesday and burned to the ground. The whole affair was so quickly accomplished that nothing was known of it until daylight. "Hagan's John," the proprietor, is the same who was formerly commissary to all the battery negroes in and about Richmond. He is now farming in the County of King and Queen.

The provisional committee, located in this city, which has in charge the education of the children of deceased and disabled soldiers, at a recent meeting determined to appoint subcommittees at Petersburg, Danville, Farmville, Lynchburg, Charlottesville, Staunton and other prominent points, whose duty it shall be to look after the children and enter them at school.

Alexandre Dumas, the French romancer, the dark mulatto nearly sixty years of age, yet called one of the handsomest men in Europe, leaves the next or the following month for New York. He is to write a book in this country, which will be published simultaneously in New York, Paris and London.

An actor, now a member of a Pennsylvania regiment, near Richmond, has written to his friends in the North telling them that his officers promise to let him have the Richmond Theatre "as soon as the Federal army takes the city."

From the Baltimore American, of the 22d the following is reprinted:

"We learn that the Secretary of War yesterday issued an order to allow the friends of the rebel prisoners in Baltimore hospitals to furnish them with refreshments and provisions on Thanksgiving Day."

The Voice of the People

The Antivaccination Position.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—In Dr. Levy's letter on the subject of vaccination in your issue of November 23d, he makes certain statements which are incorrect.

First, he states that there have been no bad effects except sore arms among the thousands that have been vaccinated by the Board of Health physicians in recent years. I have personally treated several cases that have had much more serious trouble than sore arms, and I have no doubt that this is true of other physicians. Dr. Levy is, no doubt, perfectly honest in thinking that his statement is correct, but he is not in a position to know the facts.

Second, his statement "The complete protection against smallpox afforded by vaccination is admitted by all who have had any opportunity of judging," shows a decided ignorance of the history of vaccination. I can give him the names of many eminent physicians who are opposed to vaccination. England, the home of the originator of vaccination, has practically repealed her compulsory vaccination laws, and this was largely due to the work of some of her physicians who are opposed to it.

Anything which lowers the resisting power of the individual opens the way for an infection which, under normal conditions, the system could throw off. This vaccination does when it takes, and this is probably what happened in the case of the Blanning child, though the bacillus of tetanus and numerous other things have been found in vaccine matter. Every citizen should be allowed to choose whether he will let his children run this risk or not.

HARRY B. BAKER, M. D.,
President the Virginia Anticompulsory Vaccination Society.
Richmond, November 23, 1914.

The Bright Side of Life

Had the Habit.

"What makes Jack keep slapping himself on the back of his neck?" "He spent his vacation at a New Jersey summer resort, and he can't get rid of the habit."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Appropriate.

A wealthy but miserly baronet was celebrated for having a magnificently decorated dining-room, while his viands were very few. A celebrated wit was invited to dine on a certain occasion, and the host asked him if he didn't think the room elegant.

"Yes," was the reply, "but it is not quite to my taste."

"And what change would you make?" asked the host.

"Well," answered the wit, "if this were my house, you know, I would have," looking at the ceiling, "less gilding and," here he glanced furtively at the table, "more carving."—Tit-Bits.

Preserving the Secret.

In a small South American state which had recently undergone a change of administration the new potentate summoned an artist and ordered new designs for all the official uniforms.

"I wish showy costumes—very showy," he said, 'for people are impressed by them. I have here some sketches that I myself have made. Look them over and be guided by these ideas as far as possible."

The artist examined the sketches carefully. "That,' he said, turning the pages, "is evidently for the navy, and this is for the army; but if you please, what is this—a long plume on a three-cornered hat, yellow dress coat trimmed with purple, and ——"

"That," replied the chief of state, gravely "is the secret police."—Everybody's Magazine.

The Army of the Dead.

I dreamed that overhead
I saw in twilight gray
The Army of the Dead
Marching upon its way,
So still and passionless,
With faces so serene,
That scarcely could one guess
Such men in war had been.

No mark or hurt they bore,
Nor smoke nor bloody stain;
Nor suffered any more
Famine, fatigue or pain;
Nor any lust of hate
Now lingered in their eyes—
Who have fulfilled their fate,
Have lost all enmities.

A new and greater pride
Who once fought face to face.
That ghostly army's plan
So quenched the pride of race
That foes marched side by side
Knows but one race, one rod—
All nations there are man
And the one King is God!

No longer on their ears
The bugle's summons falls;
Beyond these tangled spheres
The Archangel's trumpet calls;
And by that trumpet led
Far up the exalted sky
The Army of the Dead
Goes by, and still goes by.

BARRY PAIN.

The Horrors of War Brought Home

One of the Day's Best Cartoons.

—From the Louisville Herald.

SAVING TIMBER FOR POSTERITY

WASHINGTON, November 24.—Out in the snow-piled reaches of 160 Federal forest reserves, a small army of forest rangers, Uncle Sam's most picturesque employes, are burning brush, making trails, and building bridges, in order that timber for the multifarious uses of posterity may not perish from the face of the earth.

Mounted on snowshoes or skis, and clothed in corduroys and mackinaw, the forest ranger has settled down to his winter's work, far back in the wooded hills, miles from human companionship, with no line of communication save the telephone wire, which he himself has strung behind him. For the forest ranger is a kind of "hibernating" animal that works while he hibernates. With the last danger of destructive forest fires gone with the arrival of the heavy snows, he deserts his lookout station, and devotes his attention to the work of the winter, the cleaning up of his range and the maintenance of the trails he has wrought through the forest.

The first snows start the ranger out to burn the brush piles left by the logging crews that cut over saleable saw-timber timber on his range. The brush is left in piles until a wet blanket of snow insures against the starting of forest fires from the blazing refuse. Then it is burned, with the snow on hand as nature's own fire extinguisher.

The ranger furbishes up his snowshoes or skis, and patches up his hand or dog sled. Away over on the other side of his range he knows there is a bridge that spans a mountain torrent, which needs considerable strengthening to stand the weight which the break-up of the winter's ice and the spring freshets will put upon it. So he loads a quarter of a ton of bridge iron on his sled, hitches up his dogs, shoulders a provision pack, and closes up the log cabin that he calls headquarters. He may have to negotiate a snow-choked pass, seven or eight thousand feet in altitude, where the wet, heavy snow clogs his snowshoes, and where he may have to make three or four trips to haul his pack over the crest. When he arrives at his destination he may find his bridge buried under a ten-foot drift of heavy snow, which he will spend a day penetrating. Through delays and heavy traveling, he may find his supplies giving out, and by the time he has fought his way through a snowstorm back to headquarters he may have been lunching for days on frozen raw bacon, and sleeping in soddon blankets under a sheltering tree.

Throughout the long winter the ranger is kept busy with just such jobs as these. Ten feet of snow may come down from the mountains and bury his cabin, and he must dig himself out and take the trail. And he must keep everlastingly at it until the spring break-up sends him scurrying to the high points to watch for the curl of smoke that foretells the coming of the forest fire.

Development of the winter work on the ranges has removed the forest ranger from the "patronage" classification in government jobs. Formerly Congressmen were inclined to look on the forest ranger place as a desirable position for some constituent looking for "light outdoor work." That time has passed, however, for the forest ranger must submit a medical certificate showing that he is able-bodied before he is appointed. As the Forest Service puts it:

"He must be able-bodied and capable of enduring hardships and of performing severe labor under trying conditions; able to take care of himself and his horses in regions remote from settlement and supplies; and must be able to build trails and cabins and pack in provisions without assistance. He must know something of surveying, estimating and scaling lumber, and the live stock business; and in addition to this he should have a general knowledge of farming and mining."

WAR AND BRAIN DEFECTS

The mental anguish, depicted by the numerous tales of suicide, madness and desertion among the soldiers, to say nothing of mental frenzy expressing itself in wanton murder, that have come from across the sea, leads to a realization that there have been made as yet no scientific studies of the effect of war on the minds of officers and enlisted men in the army. Fortunately for our nation, there has been no opportunity to study the effect, on a large body of men, of short rations, loss of sleep, great emotionalism, exhausting exposure, excessive physical exertion, homesickness, etc., yet these in combination produce a strain that might well prove fatal to the equilibrium of many a mind that in regular routine would show no weakness. To be mentally sound in such conditions is of more importance than to pass the eyesight test, or to be typhoid proof.

In the light of modern psychiatry, it is rumored that more than one great battle has been lost by a general who was in the early stage of paresis, and doubtless dozens of men who have met the fate of deserters had their doom written in their brains. Although the mental effects of war strain have not been studied, our War Department has been carrying on, under the Surgeon-General's advice, a very interesting inquiry concerning the mental status of the army. The studies show that the mentally diseased, and those who are congenitally or otherwise mentally defective, form an important problem in armies and navies.

Of all the discharges for disease or external causes, practically speaking, one-fifth are on account of mental disease in some form. That is to say, out of 1,062 men discharged in 1912 on account of disability from all causes, more than 200 were found to be mentally diseased or defective during the year, and these did not include the retirements for neurasthenia or hysteria, which, although the patients are not insane in the accepted sense, are in reality mental diseases that will seriously affect one's efficiency in time of strain.

Of all the mental diseases, it was found that dementia parecox was by far the most frequent form; it averaged about 56 per cent each year, of all the dismissals. The report gives a clear, concise outline of the modern conception of dementia parecox, explaining the way in which it may appear in the army in young men who have never shown any of the symptoms of irresponsibility when sheltered by their parents or friends, but who cannot "get along" when they are required to speak, act, and even think in prescribed and orderly fashion.

The sympotms, with the vivid case descriptions that follow, will afford the regular army surgeon much insight into cases that would seem to be merely undisciplined.

"In fact, the text of this bulletin," says the Journal of the American Medical Association, "will be of tremendous social value to every officer, as well as to any one dealing with large bodies of men, whether in reform schools, prisons, factories or mines."

Rubens's Mansion Stands

THE HAGUE, November 15.—The famous sixteenth century mansion of Rubens, the great Flemish painter, standing in the line of the German sweep through Belgium, between Brussels and Antwerp, has suffered little from the depredations of war, although an unknown vandal has defaced some of the paintings that cover its walls. For weeks it had been impossible to approach the place, and there was much anxiety as to its fate.

The Germans had converted this shrine of art lovers to the service of war, but neither the house nor the fine old garden suffered much. The house is now used as a pay station for the German troops. In the garden are many roughly marked graves of Belgian and German soldiers. One stray bullet found its way into the house, which is surrounded by heaps of rubbish and broken bottles. No doubt a thorough cleaning will transform the place to the quaint mansion which Rubens built for his young wife, the woman who appears in nearly all of the paintings of his later years, and the mother of the boy whose baby face smiles out from so many of his canvases. Some civilian souvenir hunter is declared to be responsible for the only intentional act of vandalism committed on the property, which is now owned by the Belgian Senator de Becker-Remy. The vandal cut the faces out of some of the pictures that hung in the house.

During the German advance to Antwerp, a German detachment of fifty soldiers occupied the mansion. A Belgian peasant managed to slip through the German lines and notify the Belgian troops. That night a strong detachment of Belgian soldiers surrounded the house, and after a desperate fight killed all the occupants. The Germans were buried in the old garden. Later the Belgians were forced to abandon the place.

History of "Marseillaise"

A soldier, who was by way of being an amateur poet and musician, wrote and composed "The Marseillaise," the great national anthem of France, in a night, says Pearson's Weekly.

Rouget de Lisle was his name, and he was a captain in the engineers, and it was in April, 1792, that he was inspired to write the song, which brought him fame in a flash.

France had declared war against Austria, and De Lisle had volunteered for service in her army. But France, though she was in arms against all Europe at the time, had no great national song, no hymn epitomizing her hopes and fears. The Mayor of Strassburg, who, on the eve of the campaign, entertained to dinner as many of the volunteers as his slender larder would allow, spoke of this want of a great war song.

One of the volunteers turned to De Lisle on the mayor's words. "Come, you are a poet and a musician; can't you write a song?" he asked.

The young engineer shook his head, but his comrades—perhaps to flatter him, or perhaps because they really had some belief in him—pressed the matter. And so, at last, promising to see what he could do, De Lisle took his violin and shut himself up in a top room.

All through that night he wooed words and music, and by 7 o'clock in the morning, too excited to be tired, he rushed into the room of the friend who had first made the suggestion that he should try to "do something."

"Listen!" he cried, "listen to this, and tell me what you think."

And there and then, in a bedroom of the house of the Mayor of Strassburg, with the sun of a spring morning gleaming in at the window, De Lisle first played "The Marseillaise"—or "The Chant of War of the Army," as he then called it—to a listener.

The name "Marseillaise" came through the Parisians first hearing the song sung by the volunteers of Marseilles.